## Jilted Girl Worries; Should She Propose?

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

I have before me a letter from a girl which is the counterpart of others which i receive from time to time from many different parts of the country. These vary somewhat in detail, but they are the same in essence. The story remains unaltered.

The heroine meets the hero. They see a great deal of each other and the mutual attraction grows. He shows every sign of being deeply in love with her. Then, for some reason, usually at the beckoning of business, he departs for some distant place. The letters between them are at first very frequent; then gradually or abruptly his cease. She hear no more of him.

After detailing these facts, the girl whose letter I am considering asks me what she had better do. She cannot understand this silence on the part of the young man. She is convinced that he is ill, or that some dreadful misfortune has befallen him. She cannot endure the anxiety, she feels as if she misst discover the reason for it all. She even is ready to take the train and got to him if necessary. Can I give her am idea of what to do?

Nothing to Suggest.

I am sorry, but I can only suggest that she do nothing. All of the things she fears may be true, but the chances are against such possibilities. And she will only be putting herself in an unpleasant position if she pursues the matter.

She will have to balance the contingencies which give her so much alarm against other contingencies, equally un-

matter.

She will have to balance the contingencies which give her so much alarm against other contingencies, equally unpleasant, but which nevertheless she is bound to consider.

He may have changed his mind in a new environment and surrounded by new influences. He may have met another girl whom he finds more attractive than the girl he left behind him, life may have become immersed in business and have decided that he does not wish to be tied down to a long engagepleasant, but which nevertheless she is bound to consider.

He may have changed his mind in a new environment and surrounded by new influences. He may have met another girl whom he finds more attractive than the girl he left behind him. He may have become immersed in business and have decided that he does not wish to be tied down to a long engagement. And in consideration of all these possible circumstances, it is only sensible for the girl to left him begin the correspondence again, since he was the first to drop it.

The same girl who has written residue to change are that if you asked him instead, and financed certain of his business schemes, which prosperd exceptions. Whenever you did the least thing of which approve, he would murmur to himself: "What can you expect. There's something wrong about her. She asked him instead, and financed certain of his business schemes, which prosperd exceptions. We never you did the least thing of which approve, he would turn it over in his mind to kingdom come.

Whenever you did the least thing of which excedingly: and they have lived happily exceptions. No matter how puzzled and heart-broken you may be, my dear girl, you he would turn it over in his mind to kingdom come.

Whenever you did the least thing of which prosperd exceptions.

No matter how puzzled and heart-broken you may be, my dear girl, you will never not only the which he had so little to offer. She asked him instead, and financed certain of his business schemes, which prosperd exceptions.

No matter how puzzled and heart-broken you may be, my dear girl, you will on the wind he had become instead, and financed certain of his business schemes, which prosperd exceptions.

No matter how puzzled and heart-broken you may be, my dear girl, you will never now may be my dear girl, you will never he worm nor one had you would fine him to over the worm of the will be a first or the provided and heart-broken you may be, my dear girl, you will never he worm nor opening. The same girl who has written re- saw that he was in love with her, but

The format announcement by Col.
William Cooper Procter, multi-millionaire soap manufacturer of Cincinnati, of
his acceptance of the appointment to
be official head of the presidential boom
of Gen Leonard Wood, suggested the
question wheither
United States Senator Warren G
Harding would be
able to pose as
Ohio's 'fa y or ite
son' in the Republican national convention. Rud K



lican national con-vention. Rud K. Hynlca, national committeeman, rec-ognized successor of the late George B. Cox as the Cincin-nati party boss, is in California, and in his absence minor leaders and work-ers are velocity.

well as to his home community.

Col. Procter is a Princeton man and a few years ago he gave about haif a million deliars for a dormitory building and for other improvements at the university. Recently he spent part of a day in conference with graduates and representatives from Princeton in connection with the drive to raise a \$14,000,000 fund for the university.

Several years ago he was hurried to New York city to undergo pasteur treatment, after having been bitten by a favorite dog at his kennels on his fine old estate at Glendale, a few miles from Cincinnati.

would not ask her to marry him while he had so little to offer. She asked him instead, and financed certain of his business schemes, which prospered ex-ceedingly; and they have fived happily ever afterward. But such cases are the exceptions.

whose actions would seem to show that he had become indifferent to you; and neither do you want to put yourself in any position which you would find hu-miliating. If he really cares for you, you will hear from him sooner or later; and if he does not, you will have saved your self-respect, which is something.

The sergeant-major was a bit of a martinet—it does happen sometimes—and was constantly finding fault with the slightest things.

One day, as he sat in his room in the barracks, he saw a private pass in full uniform with a bucket.

This roused the sergeant-major to a fury, and he promptly dashed to the doer and halled the private.

"Where are you going"

"Where are you going?"
"To fetch some water, "sir," replied the man.
"What!" yelled the sergeanf-major.
"In those trousers?"
"No. in the bucket."

## THE REASON.

Manager-Thomson, you are dismrged Clerk-But I've done nothing, sir, ab-solutely nothing. Manager-Exactly. That's why you're discharged.

Soap King Will Help Gen. Wood Forsakes Society for Stage



LADY JEAN CAPELL.

Lady Jean Capell, younger daughter of Adele, Countess of Essex, and one of the reigning beauties of London society, has announced her intention of forsaking society for the stage. She is one of the host of European beauties who have been mentioned at one time or another, as possible brides of the Prince of Wales.

BRINGING UP FATHER—By George McManus

## SCARED.

corner at full speed)-Do you hear those cylinders knocking. Timid Companion-That's not the cyl

NOW- LETS

SEE WHAT

WILL 1 00?

The Reckless Motor Driver (rounding

### COULDN'T BLAME HIM. The Ciergyman-Do you mean to say

that your wife goes to church every Sunday without you. Husband-Well, it lan't my fault, can't persuade her to stay at home.

WHAT DAY

15 TODAY!

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL.

Pacts about your name, its his-tory, its meaning, whence it was derived, its significance, your lucky day and lucky jewel.

Marjoric sometimes spelled Marger, s one of the many popular derivatives of Margaret, which has gained a place of its own as a separate name. Since sarily signifies 'pearl' and was taken from the Persian term for the lewel. When Margaret was subjected to the influence of other sountries and became Marguerite in France. Margherita in Italy and Spain, the Scotch favorite was the lilting name of Marjorie. Margaret Ethel took it to the land of the thisticand seems to have contrived to trake it almost the national Scottish name. and seems to have contricted to findle it almost the national Scottish pame. Margaret gained vogue in England through the famous Margaret of An-icu. Margaret Beaufort, mother if thenry XII, and her granddaughter, Mar-

Maisir who does not recall 'prend Maisie' of the balled! The surname Marioribanks was derived from the barony of Ratio granted to Marjorie Bruce on her marriage with the high steward of Scotland Margory aim florulshed in Scotland where the little poem originated:

"One can never quite forget Eyes like yours, May Margaret, Eyes of dewy violet. Nothing like them, Margaret Save the blossoms newly born Of the May and of the morn

Marjorie's talismanic jewel is

## HARD ON GOOD CLOTHES.

The "pictures" were a great novelty a Slowville, any traveling outfit was in Slowtille any traveling outfit was sure of crowded houses. Hecently old Mrs. Brown yielded to her husband's persuasions and paid her first visit to the cinema. She put on her Sunday bonnet and cloak in honor

her Sunday bonnet and cloak in honor of the great event.

As they entered, a thrilling cowboy film was being shown, in which men, cattle and horses were well mixed. Mrs. Brown gripped her husband nervously by the arm.

"Bill," she whispered fractically, "I'm going straight out, Just look at the dust them osses and cows is raisin. My clothes will be ruined."

### SURE.

Mr Busne-She has a very difficult the new play. Bushe-Difficult? Why she doesn't say a word!
"Well, isn't that difficult for a wom-

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## Is Business Woman Or Housewife Happier?

Item Mrs. Thempson. Who gets the some ince of business is taking a vacamust our of life, the Business woman
for the housewife? "CHUMS
I'm not exactly sure I can answer
pends. Take the bousewife whose hushand is a regular man, a person who
thinks about somebooly begules threef,
who doesn't wish his wife to do anythings has the bottlers to see
that the great amount of mones he gives
that the wife doesn't who may be a
semething heades a butterfly out of
herself. Take a hushand that's realleft days trudging along, heart weary
and make semething that's almost like

of the children "Husband thinks to must have the latest convenions in his husiness, but does he bother to see that "mother has a fireless cooker, a accumulation of the figure of a maid".

True, finghees sometimes make it so that "mother has a children is obliged to labor hus it that is the case, then husband could at least have someone stay with the babies and let her have one free evening a week. And yet when "mother of gets into the habit of wearing most any old thing, "husband begins to wonder why he ever married ber and often has a mild or serious affair with some little "dame as he calls her I believe in the business woman, and if she retires when she marriers she at least knows enough of the world to manage her household affairs economically and see that busband doesn't forget some of the nicelies he knew when she married him. She realizes that the bables are partly his and that if they cry in the night he can share in the burden. He may have been busy during the day, but so has she and if you have not cheapened your reputation by attending dances when situing in a nice, clean office during the better part of the day, or managing

HE WAS an old man.

OH! I'M TOO

TIRED TO STAY UP-I'LL SEE YOU

TOMORROW-

AND HE had a wooden leg.

AND HE was being jostled.



"She Asked Me."

But the chances are that if you asked

## UNCLE WIGGILY AND SUSIE'S RAG DOLL.

Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspa-per Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Susie, my dear, really I can't have "Susie, my dear, really I can't have her around any longer," said Mrs. Lat-lietail, the rabbit lady, one morning, as she was getting ready to sweep the bur-row underground house. "I really can not!"

So everything came out all right, you see, and if the chimney doesn't jump off the roof to play with the pussy cat down our back yard. I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Sammle's door stop. Not door step, but door stop. You'll be surprised. "What is it, mother?" asked Susie, who was getting ready to go to the hollow stump school to recite her lessons to the lady mouse teacher. "What is it you can't have around any longer?" "Your old rag doll, Susie, Really she is such a sight—all lackskidædde and slimpsy like. She is always in the way."

Oh, but mother, I just love my rag "Oh, but mother, I just love my rag doll." exclaimed Susie. "Course she isn't as pretty as my wax one, but I love her just the same."
"Then you must keep her picked up and out of my sight," went on Mrs. Littletail. "Nurse Jane and I are going to clean house today and we can't have rag dolls around. I've picked yours up haif a dozen times. You must take care of her, and keep her off the floor."
"Yes" I will promised Susie.

"Where is she now."
"On the floor in my sewing basket,"
Mrs. Littletall answered.
"On, yes, I put her there to sleep, sease she doesn't mind lying on pins and needles the way my wax doll does," spoke Susie. "But I'll take her upstairs, mother, and let her listen to the canary sing to the goldfish."

Susie started to take the rag doll upstairs but just then, out in front, Lulu and Alice Wibblewobble, the two duck girls, began quacking.

and Alice Wibblewobble, the two duck girls, began quacking.
"Come on, Susie! Hurry or you'll be late for school!" they called.
"I'm coming," Susie answered. She had her rag doll in her paws and, not having time to run upstairs with it, the little rabbit girl wondered what she could do.
"I know," she said to berself, "I'il

the little rabbit girl wondered what she could do.

"I know," she said to herself, "I'll just slip my rag doll in Uncle Wiggily's overcoat pocket. She'll be all right there until I come home from school."

So Susie thrust her queer rickety-skickity old rag doll into Uncle Wiggily's big fur overcoat pocket and then the little rabbit girl hurried on to her lessons with Lulu and Alice Wibblewobble.

Now, as I told you, Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, were staying at the Littletali rabbit house, since the hollow stump bungalow had burned. Nurse Jane was helping Mrs. Littletali with the housework, and as Mr. Longears looked out in the kitchen, after Susie had gone to school, and as the rabbit gentleman saw everything all upset, on account of the place going to be swept and dusted and the like of that, Uncle Wiggily said to himself:
"I guess I'll go out and take a k."

he put on his tall silk hat, and fur overcoat, and he never saw, r thought of Susie's rag doll tocket, uk I'll go over and see Grandna

ocket,

k I'll go over and see Grandpa
ander," said Uncle Wiggily to
as he hopped along, over the
d through the woods. "I want
he is all right since the Skeesed him and me, and fell down
yle's slippery slide,
but hat story last night, if you
k remember.

remember.
Wigglly hopped along, and most at Grandpa Goosey's all of a sudden, just as the man was trying to think ked cherry pie or chocoout from behind a snow to bad old Pipstsewah.

paked the Pip, as he ggily by the ear. "This get away from me, as ve no slippery slide

> le Wiggily, sadly, " d toward his over suspicious like. ny handkerchief," an, o that," said the e Wiggily pulled the side pocket uddenly gave a at the rabbit

> > ncle Wiggily r pulled out he Pip. "You to take out fast as

HIM FOR IT? PENNY- HE DID

UNCLE EZRA

GAVE ME A

JID YOU THANK

OH: 400D

MORNIN'

FOLKS:







# JOE'S CAR-Look 'Em Over, Joe; You Ain't Missing Anything

GEE! THA'S FUNNY -

JOE DEAR , WON'T YOU MEET US AT THAT DRUG STORE AND DRIVE US HOME? I CAN HOLD HER ON MY LAP! SURE THING - L

Lagragie. 1888, Press Publishing Co. (N. T. Ersseing Woold



WISH SHE'D BRING A CHICK HOME IN TH'CAR EV'RY TIME - LOTTA FUN JOLLYIN' EM!







-- BUT YOU DON'T MIND JOE -



GOSSII BY K.C.B. " BY THE crowd. (Written in San Francisco years ago and reprinted to fill in while I am on COMING OUT of the fair. my way back for a breathing spell on the shores of the Pacific.-K. C. B.) AND MR. Charles L. Davis. WHO IS a banker. AND HAD gone with me TO SEE Stella, SAID TO me. "LET'S GET a jitney. "AND TAKE him home 'IT MAY be.

"HE'S AN old soldier."
AND WE hired one. AND SAID to him, "COME ALONG, father.

WE'LL TAKE you home. AND CHARLIE helped him. TO THE front seat. AND HAD trouble. WITH THE wooden leg. AND THE driver saw it AND SAID. WHAT IS this?" AND FATHER said. "IT'S MY log." AND THE driver said 'IT CAN'T stick out like that. YOU'LL HAVE to take it in." AND CHARLIE said. LET'S OPEN the windshield. AND STICK it through."

AND I said. "I WOODEN do that."
AND LAUGHED so. I THOUGHT I'd die. AND WE did it.

AND FATHER said IF YOU have an idea. OF LEAVIN it there. "YOU'LL HAVE to take it off. TVE GOT a cramp." AND WE unbuckled it. AND TOOK It off. AND ALL got in.

AND CHARLIE held the leg. TILL HE got so nervous HE GAVE It to me. AND I kept thinking OF FATHER. IN THE front seat. Willief I sat there.

HOLDING HIS leg. ON MY tap. AND IT wasn't natural. AND I said to Charlie. YOU STARTED this.

AND YOU'LL have to finish it. TM GOING to get out." AND I stopped the car. AND GOT out.
AND FATHER cried.

GIMME MY leg." AND I gimmed it to him, AND WENT to the office. AND TOLD Charles Upton. AND HE said.

"WRITE SOMETHING about it." AND I said. BUT IT sounds so silly." AND CHARLIE said. "IN YOUR column!!!!"

JUST LIKE that. I THANK you. The oil shales of Scotland have been